

STREPHON's Revenge:

A

SATIRE

ON THE

OXFORD Toasts.

by Nicholas Amhurst

Inscrib'd to the Author of MERTON WALKS.

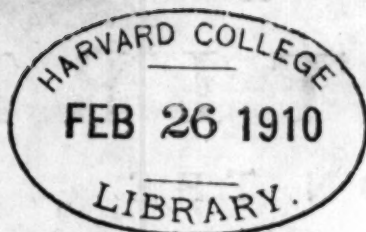
The Third Edition Corrected.

— — — — — moveat Cornicula Risum,
Furtivis nudata Coloribus — — — — — Hor.
Si Natura neget, facit Indignatio Versum. Juvenal.



L O N D O N:

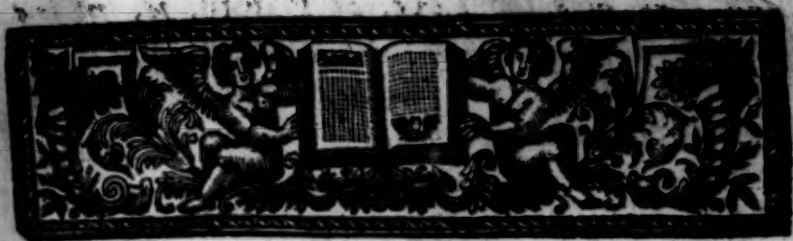
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T H E P R E F A C E.

P O E M S of this Nature are generally interpreted as the Result of Malice or Disappointment, and the candid Reader is too apt to conclude against the Satyrist, as a Peevish, Ill-natur'd Man, or a Desperate, unsuccessful Lover: However liable I may be to the former of these Imputations, I esteem my self safe enough against the latter, from any Person who has the least Knowledge of the Ladies, with whom I have to deal in the following Papers; for, alas! Crosses and Disappointments in Love, are Things almost unknown to our University Gallants; it is next to impossible for any Thing in a Cap and a Gown, that has the Appearance of a Man, a little Money, and a tollerable Assurance, to fail in his Addresses; they strike into any Measures and catch at the first Overtures of Love before Reason and Reflection step in and cool the Heat and Vehemency of a wanton Passion: In short, the

A 2

Man

Man that dies for Love, at Oxford, is, in the strictest Sense, guilty of Self-Murther, and ought to be treated as such, with all the Ignominious Severity of the Law.

And if a sincere Abhorrence of Pride, Lust, Vanity and Impudence, must be call'd Malice and Ill-nature, it is, however, some Comfort to me, to reflect that I am not the only Person to bear the Load; as I am not the only One that has taken Notice of the almost universal Corruption of our Youth, which is to be imputed to nothing so much as to that Multitude of Female Residentiaries, who have of late infested our Learned Retirements, and drawn off Numbers of unwary young Persons from their Studies. They have been indeed very successful in their Labours of Reformation, for (as the Ingenious Author of a Letter upon this Subject, publish'd in the Freethinker, rightly observes) there appears to be a prevailing Antipathy to every thing that is serious and laudable, and to even the Name and Character of Scholars; they look upon Scholar, as an unpolite pedantick Word, incompatible with the more pleasing Names of clever Fellows, and fine Gentlemen: The Face of Learning is almost quite worn off, and it is become highly scandalous to carry the least Mark of a Philosopher about us; a grave Countenance and a sober Habit, are treated as the Object of Ridicule, and the Person who appears not to have made the Fashions and the Beau-Monde the greatest Part of his Studies, is sure

to

to be laugh'd at for a dull, heavy, plodding Wretch, a meer Clown, or a Pedant: There appears on the Foreheads of the greatest Part of our Students an unthoughtful Openness and Levity; and in their Dress an unbecoming Shewiness and Affectation; Silk-Gowns, Tye Wiggs, and Ruffles, are become necessary Accomplishments for a Man of Sense, and our Colleges, instead of grave Philosophers, and Literati, swarm with Smarts and Foplings, that is, Consummate Coxcombs.

A College-SMART, is a Character, which few perhaps are acquainted with; He is one that spends his Time in a constant Circle of Engagements, and Assignations; He rises at Ten, rattles over his Tea-Table till Twelve, Dines, Dresses; waits upon his Mistress, drinks Tea again, flutters about in Publick, till it is dark, then to the Tavern, knocks into College at Two in the Morning, sleeps till Ten again, and disposes of the following Day, just as he did of the last: He affects great Company, and scrapes Acquaintance with golden Tufts and brocaded Gowns; and after a course of Studies of this Nature for three or four Tears, he huddles over publick Exercises, disputes and passes Examination in the Sciences after the modern Fashion, without understanding a Word of what, like a Parrot, he is taught memorially to utter: He then canvasses and obtains his Grace amongst the Ladies, and takes his Degree with uncommon Marks of Honour; and thus passes for a most profound Scholar,

bar, meerly by being an arrant Blockhead. This Class of Men is very numerous amongst us, and daily encreases without Controul, to the great Scandal and Discredit of all useful Learning, and is an Enormity of very bad Consequence, as it may in Time sap the Foundation of the most famous and flourishing University in the World.

But the Mischief does not stop here; for alas! We have too many Instances of unfortunate Gentlemen, who not only neglect their Studies, and frustrate the prudent Purposes of their indulgent Parents, but who, Step by Step, are often prevail'd upon to throw off all Sense of Duty and Interest, to involve themselves into inextricable Ruin, and their Friends into the bitterest Sorrows, by marrying some tit Thing or other of mean Parentage, and suspected Morals: And this is indeed a Thing so very practicable upon young Men of raw Judgement and warm Inclinations, and there are so many of these Kidnapping Females still upon the Watch, and seeking whom they may devour, that it is enough to discourage a fond Parent or a careful Guardian, from sending his Son or his Ward to a Place which abounds with so many Deceivers, (who take all possible Opportunities of serving their pernicious Designs and where they must be assaulted by so many bewitching Temptations. Our OXFORD FORTUNES are justly branded for a Proverb all over the Nation, for they really rise out of the lowest Dregs of Mankind; the Daughters of our Coblers, Tinkers, Taylors, and of the most scoun-

scoundrel Professions set out with a Dancing-School Education, and trap themselves out in all the mock Gayity they can afford; so that they are to be known from true Gentlewomen, only by their unconquerable Pride and awkward Insolence. It is at Oxford no Rarity to see a poor Man work hard for a Twelve-Month, to make his Girl look fine on a Sunday, and almost starve his Family at Home, in order to gratifie his Vanity and Ambition Abroad. I would not willingly from hence be thought to insult my Inferiors, nor to treat any Fellow-Creature opprobriously, because Fortune has plac'd him in a lower Scene of Life than myself, since my Design is only to let them know that they are not to look above themselves, but to be contented with their own humble Condition, and not by infamous Methods endeavour to raise themselves by ruining of others; and to warn my Fellow-Students to shun all Commerce with such aspiring Beggars, to shut their Eyes to their Beauty, and their Ears to their Enchantments; to pursue their Studies with unwearied application, to make the best use of the Talents and Opportunities which are intrusted to them, to do every Thing in its proper Season, and not leave the sublime and useful Lessons of Philosophy, for the prettiest Whore in Christendom.

I have one Thing more to mention before I conclude. I hope Mrs. T-r-r-l will now be convinc'd, that there is in the University one, who, if he has not Sence enough, has at least Courage enough to attack the Oxford Beauties in a Satire, and I
would

would therefore advise her for the future, to be more modest, and not set so great a Value upon her self and her Friends, as to think their Persons sacred and inviolable. They are not always to be Phyllised up in fulsom Panegyrick, and it would better become them not to grow so insolent when they are, for fear some bold, impudent Fellow like my self, should rise up and divest them of their borrowed Excellencies, and shew them naked in their own proper Deformities: Their Champion has made Nymphs, Angels and Goddesses of 'em all; I have shewed them in a quite different Light, and which of us has drawn the Picture most like the Original, I am willing to leave the impartial World to determine.





STREPHON'S Revenge:

A SATIRE on the OXFORD Toasts.



T length with Vengeance bursts my
(raging Vein,
Nor longer will th' imprison'd Wrath
(contain ;

Thy Shame, oh ! *Oxford*, in reluctant Verse,

Justice and Honour force me to rehearse :

Long did I strive inchain'd my Rage to keep,

And sooth'd the Tumults of my Blood asleep ;

I wav'd th' ill-natur'd Task from time to time,
 While filial Duty seem'd to check the Rhime,
 But all in vain to quench my Gall conspire,
 Rage spurs me on, a Fury strings my Lyre.

And see ! to banish all remaining Fears,
 Our LEARNED MOTHER to my Eyes appears ;
 'Twas Noon of Night, when blest with sweet Re-
 (pose,
 The pleasing Vision to my Fancy rose ;
 Thro' ambient Darkness, venerably bright,
 The graceful Dame descended to my Sight ;
 A Lawrel-Crown her hoary Temples grac'd,
 Her stately Limbs a sable Stole embrac'd ;
 Two River-Deities on either Side
 Pour'd from their fruitful Urns the rushing Tide ;
Isis and *Charwell*, thro' the World renown'd,
 Their Brows with ample Wreaths of Sedges
 (crown'd ;

The

The Virgin-Muses gently march'd before,
 And in their Hands immortal CATO bore;
 Behind, the Arts and Sciences were seen,
 With studious down-cast Looks and thoughtful
 (Mein;
 Ready to speak the rev'rend Form appear'd,
 And list'ning, these propitious Words I heard.

- “ Fear not, my Son, in this degenerate Age
 “ To give a Loose to thy severest Rage,
 “ The stench of Brothels, and the filth of Stews,
 “ Call loud for Censure, and demand the Muse;
 “ Within our Walls a num'rous shameless Race
 “ (To useful Arts and Learning a Disgrace)
 “ Seduce to Folly the unpractis'd Youth,
 “ And turn his Footsteps from the Paths of Truth;
 “ While in our Schools declining Science fails,
 “ And Love alone and Gallantry prevails;

" *Oxford* seems tottering to her sudden Doom,

" And *Athens* a mere *Paphos* is become.

" Oh! rise in all thy Rage, chastise the Times,

" And Female Frauds unveil in daring Rhimes ;

" Describe to view their Follies and Delights,

" Their viscious open Days, and hidden Nights ;

" Nor think that *Duty* binds thee to conceal,

" What Justice, Truth and Virtue would reveal ;

" To punish reigning Vice deserves our Love,

" And to be silent now, is to approve."

She said, and vanish'd from my gazing Sight,

Loos'd were my Eyes, and I awoke to Light.

Far hence let ev'ry softer Thought remove

Of childish Pity, and unmanly Love ;

Let dull Compassion in my Bowels sleep,

And thro' my breast Satyric Whirlwinds sweep ;

Ye Fiends and Furies my Revenge inspire.

Swell up my Heart and set my Soul on Fire ;

Transfuse your rankest Gall into my Veins,

And keen as *Oldham's*, prompt my vengeful
(Strains.

My Prayer is heard ; for now the rising Spleen

Swells all my Breast, and in my Face is seen ;

With livid Flames my glaring Eye-balls roll,

And tenfold Vengeance wraps my lab'ring Soul :

My ev'ry Limb with boundless Fury shakes,

And round my Temples hiss the twining Snakes : A

Hush'd are a while ev'n Love's tempestuous Tides,

And the fierce Torrent of my Blood subsides ;

A while ev'n beauteous L A U R A I despise,

And all the Softness of my Nature dies ;

Within my Breast no wonted Passions move,

Heal'd are my Wounds, and I forget to Love.

With

With gen'rous Grief I mourn our *Oxford's* Fate,
 Her fading Glories and declining State ;
 The Muses, banish'd by an Harlot-train,
 In other Lands renew the tuneful Strain ;
Homer and *Virgil* quit disgrac'd the Field,
 And to the skilful Dancing-Master yield ;
 Our *Colleges* grow elegantly dull,
 Our *Schools* are empty, and our *Taverns* full.
 The gowned Youth dissolves in am'rous Dreams,
 And *Pedantry* to him all Learning seems ;
 He wastes his Bloom in Vanity and Ease,
 And his chief Studies are to *Dress* and Please.

From Place to Place the *Dunghill-tribe* I fly,
 And strive, in vain, to shut them from my Eye ;
 If thro' the lonely, smiling Meads I stray,
 And by the *Charwell* pace my thoughtful Way,

Loud

Loud Female Laughters reach my distant Ears;
 Before my Eyes the tawdry Manteau glares;
 I shun th' approaching Sight, to Madness wrought,
 And lose in Air the scatter'd Train of Thought.

If to the *Tavern* social Mirth invites,
 With constant Pain I spend the joyless Nights;
 Scrawl'd on the Glass I read the hated Names,
 While my swoln Breast with Indignation flames;
 The whining Blockheads, each his Toast assign,
 And pall, with nauseous Praise, the gen'rous Wine;
 I fret, I rail, with angry Bile I fume,
 And broken Pipes and Glasses strew the Room.

Sometimes I turn the golden Ancients o'er,
 Or LOCKE, the second *Stagyrite*, explore;
 From Argument to Argument I stray,
 And follow close where Reason points the Way;

Some-

Sometimes I drink at the *Pierian* Spring;
 And trembling wanton on a youthful Wing;
 But still the wonted Scene my Thought employs;
 Cloggs all my Studies and dilutes my Joys.
 Ev'n Sleep to me denies the needful Rest,
 Or sleeping, Fancy haunts my troubled Breast;
 The Plague and Torment of the Day returns,
 And with Revenge my Soul in Slumber burns.

Nay, if at *Church* I bend the suppliant Knee,
 Nor then from their damn'd Presence am I free;
 The loathsome Object ev'n pursues me there,
 I burst with Fury in the midst of Prayer;
 Just as in fervent Transports I expire,
 And my Soul mounts on Wings of hallow'd Fire,
 Some haughty, worthless Minion meets my Sight,
 And checks Devotion in its middle Height;
 With Scorn upon each maudlin Face I dwell,
 And with a pious, silent Madness swell.

When

When the loud Organ to the Anthem plays,
 And thro' the various Notes harmonious strays,
 O! how demure the list'ning Harlots leer,
 And drink the Musick in at either Ear,
 How the Sluts languish with deceitful Pride,
 And ogling drop the pretty Head aside:
 In Church they practice each new Female Air,
 And to a *Playhouse* turn the *House of Prayer*.

Well for the Church may pious Christians fear,
 And from its Dangers judge its Downfall near,
 Since it is now become the publick Mart,
 Where female Quacks display their Emp'rick Art,
 Hither for Sale throng many a shining Toast,
 The lawful Goods of him that proffers most;
 Beauties of every Sort and Size appear,
 That please all Fancies and all Prices bear
 The Tall and Short, the Jolly and the Lean,
 Of every Age from Forty to Fifteen;

Black, Brown and Fair are rang'd in different
 (Pews,
 That amorous Customers may pick and chuse :
 Here sanguine Youths, dispos'd for married Lives,
 And future *Parsons* are supply'd with Wives.

Not more debas'd the Sabbath was of old,
 When *Flocks* and *Herd*s were in the Temple sold;
 Nor is the modern Practice more prophane,
 Which in the *Romish* Church they still retain,
 Which to each Cut-throat Rascal deigns Relief,
 And from the Gallows screens the flying Thief.

Still on my Muse, and say what various Arts,
 What Cheats are practis'd on unthinking Hearts;
 When in full *Balls*, in dazzling Splendor gay,
 Their active Limbs and Breeding they display;
 With Antick Airs they speed their Steps around,
 And to the Fiddles foot the trembling Ground;

While

While, as sublime with airy Feet they fly,
 The jaunty Whalebone shews the naked Thigh;
 The Damask Shoe, enrich'd with curious Art,
 And Scarlet Stocking pierce the Coxcombs Heart;
 Charm'd with her pretty Shape and swimming Air,
 He swears that *Venus* is not half so fair;
 How quick her Eyes, how matchless is her Face
 How skillfully she moves! with what a Grace!
 On ev'ry Note his wanton Wishes soar,
 He smiles and burns a Lascious Sonnet o'er;
 While leering she observes his sparkling Eyes,
 Drunk with hot Lust, and triumphs in her Prize;
 With dimpling Smiles she feeds his young Desires,
 And adds new Fuel to his growing Fires:
 If with obsequious Posture he advance,
 And begs her for his Part'ner in the Dance,
 She curtsies low, is proud of the command.
 And with a seeming Pleasure grants her Hand;
 Atev'ry Round, the am'rous Fool to please,
 She feels unblushing the lascivious squeeze;

Caught by inveigling Arts and wily Charms,
He throws himself distracted in her Arms;
The ready Priest his curse with Marriage crowns,
He weds, and in a Fortnight hangs or drowns.

Why need I mention, to compleat the rest,
How the fair Vermin all our Paths infest?
From Garret Windows, with a wistful Eye,
They mark each single Gown that passes by,
And like Boys gaping at some Raree-Show,
With hireling Toasts the Doors are throng'd be-
(low
In ev'ry publick Walk, in ev'ry Street,
You'll never fail unnumber'd *Belles* to meet,
So many, that should each fond Mothers Son
For *better or for worse* sollicite one,
The *Colleges* would fail, and many a Fair
Must go without a Scholar to her share.

Back-

Backwards and forwards to the neighb'ring Shops,

Censorious *P*——ne in dirty Night-Gown pops,

Herself most *free* at Female *Freedoms* rails,

And jaunts from Street to Street with Scandal
Tales;

While numerous others, studious to be seen,

Feign Gossip-Errands and divert the Spleen:

Ambling they trip by ev'ry *College*-Gate,

To pick up straggling Hearts and mend their
(ragged Fate;

Cease, gentle Youths, unjustly to complain,

That the Nymph's cruel and you sigh in vain;

Alas! with pitying Ears they hear you moan,

And for one single Asking, are your own,

Nay, oft, if bashful and reserv'd you prove,

They'll ev'n ask first and humbly court your
(Love

But

Backwards and forwards to the neighbouring Shops,
 But fly, oh! fly from their destructive Charms,
 Fly from th' Embraces of their op'ning Arms;
 Or you will else bewail, alas! too late
 Your ruin'd Fame and your abandon'd Fate,

I know a Youth whom not ignobly born,
 His careful Sire (to polish and adorn
 His tender artless Mind) to *College* sent;
 He came, and, oh! behold the dire Event!
 New from the Rod, and Stranger to Mankind,
 Each fair Appearance won his easy Mind;
 As yet Experience had not fledg'd his Wings,
 But, as they seem'd, he judg'd of Men and Things,
 Thus ev'ry *Puritan* with him was pure,
 And to be Flous was to be Demure:

But

With

With him each glaring Female was divin'd, and
 Gay were the Tawdry, and the Shewy fine,
 Thoughtless and unsuspecting of Deceit,
 Thro' the dark Guise he could not see the Cheat,
 When now but a few Moons had pass'd away,
 To Female Cunning he became a Prey,
 On a proud dainty Quian he casts his Eyes,
 And Fires, till then unknown, within his Breast
 (arise.

At first with Coldness politickly coy,
 The sly young baggage shunn'd the whining Boy;
 If he desir'd the favour of a Kiss,
 With seeming Passion she deny'd the Bliss;
 From his warm Lips she oft withdrew her Hand,
 For so did the old Mother-Crone at home com-
 (mand.

Her artful Coyneers doubled his Desire,
 And blow'd thro' ev'ry Vein the spreading Fires.

And dear to Counsel, he contents them all.

At length by slow degrees, in Treachery skill'd,
 She grows more pliant, and begins to yield;
 With some respect she now receives his Suit,
 And hangs within his reach the tempting Fruit;
 While he to vicious idle Courses takes
 His *Logic-Studies* and his Prayers forsakes;
 Pust up with Love, a studious Life he loaths,
 And places all his Learning in his Cloaths;
 He *Smarts*, he Dances, at the Ball is seen,
 And struts about the Room with saucy Mein.
 In vain his *Tutor*, with a watchful Care,
 Rebukes his Folly, warns him to beware;
 In vain his *Friends*, endeavour to controul
 The stubborn fatal Byass of his Soul;
 In vain his *Father* with o'reflowing Eyes,
 And mingled threatnings, begs him to be Wise;
 His Friends, his Tutor and his Father fail,
 Nor Tears, nor Threats, nor Duty will prevail;
 His stronger Passions urge him to his Fall,
 And deaf to Counsel, he contemns them all.

In Wedlock-Sheets he stains his gen'rous Birth,
 And basely mixes with *Plebeian* Earth;
 Too late, disheir'd, he vents unfruitful Sighs,
 For ever banish'd from his Fathers Eyes.

Well might such Troubles daunt a youthful
 (Mind,
 But his severer Fate is still behind;
 For soon his fiery, raging Blood grows cool,
 Soon thro' the Husband he descries the Fool;
 And now, the first tumultuous Raptures o'er,
 His Nerves all slacken, nor will furnish more;
 His tender Years, unequal to the Dame,
 Sink down o'er burthen'd with the furious Flame;
 While she, insatiate Vixen, to his Face
 Upbraids his coward Blood and cold Embrace;
 From hence incessant, Cuckold-Fears arise,
 That some one his deficient Strength supplies;
 He damns himself and his falacious Heart,
 That fondly yielded to the *Syrene's* Art:
 Expell'd

Expell'd from College, thro' the sneering Town,
With meagre Cheeks He saunters up and down ;
His livid Eyes his Bosom Pains confess,
He grows more jealous, as his Love grows less.

Forewarn'd, oh ! shun the glittering, tempting
(Bait,
And learn from hence the fond Adventurer's Fate ;
Learn hence the fair Impostor to despise,
Your Fame, your Welfare, and your Peace to
(prize ;
Nor let the wanton World by Proverb boast,
That ev'ry Sempstress is an *Oxford* Toast :
No more let Scholars be content to chuse
What ev'ry Scoundrel Tinker would refuse ;
Aspire beyond the common *Merton*-Crowd,
The Vain, the Lewd, the Impudent and Proud ;
Fear not abroad to find some pitying Dame,
With artless Beauty crown'd and spotless Fame,
Blooming and Sweet as op'ning Roses are,
Chast as *Minerva*, and as *LAURA* fair.

O! *Thou*, who whilom on th' *Oxonian* Plains
 Carol'd'st with lavish Art thy fulsome Strains,
 In pompous Verse describ'd'st each common Flirt,
 And strung'st thy Lye to Impudence and Dirt;
 Say, how did thy deluded Fancy dream?
 What flatt'ring God inspir'd the doggrel Theme?
 What specious Reasons could thy Soul entice,
 To turn the Laureat-Sycophant to Vice?

On *Oxford Beauties* to employ thy Muse!

'Twas the most barren Subject thou could'st chuse;

Such venal Drabs! a prostituted Race,

Nor less devoid of Beauty than of Grace:

Why did not *Billingsgate* thy Fancy raise?

Why did not *Drury-Lane* partake thy Praise?

Since to those famous Parts in Crowds repair

Nymphs full as modest, and by much more fair.

Beauty in *Oxford* is a thing so scarce,
 That all thy Panegyrick turns to Farce ;
 As well thou might'st contend for Truth at Court,
 Where servile, fawning PENSIONERS resort ;
 With equal Justice might thy Numbers paint,
 A Bawd a Vestal, or a WHIGG a Saint ;
 For her fine Shape and Mein praise Cook-Maid
 (Moll,
 And HOADLY for Church-Discipline extol.

But more ; allowing your *Oxonian* Tribe
 To be those glorious Angels you describe ;
 Bright let 'em be and heav'nly at your Will,
 And dress 'em out in all your lavish Skill ;
 Yet, why is Beauty to one Place confin'd ?
 Whence rose that *Gothick* Fancy in thy Mind ?
 Is *Oxford* then, of all the World below,
 The only Soil, where pretty Women grow ?
 And does no other Place fine Beauties bear ?
 Or why does *Venus* fix her Empire there ?

Well,

Well, in one Sense, I must confess, she may,
 For *Venus* is a Whore — and so are They ;
 In *Bullock's-Lane* our *Oxford* Beauties ply,
 And *Venus* is the Strumpet of the Sky ;
 In *Merton* with his GRACE *Belinda* lay,
 And *Mars* with *Venus* in the Milky-way.

Ungenerous Bard ! In vain by thee deny'd,
 Beauty and Love in ev'ry Clime reside ;
 Party to many a fatal Vice gives Birth,
 Has banish'd Truth and Justice from the Earth ;
 By Turns contending Right and Wrong prevail,
 As powerful, lawless Party holds the Scale :
 Party can solemn plighted Vows despise,
 Breaks thro' all Faith and laughs at Friendship's
 (Ties,
 Religion and the Church it can betray ; —
 Oh ! let not Beauty too become its Prey,
 Love only in this World is wholly free,
 In which all Nations and all Sects agree ;

Love

Love is to Riches and to Honours blind,
 It soars above the World and leaves behind
 The num'rous vain Distinctions of Mankind;
 No sordid worldly Views foment the Flame,
 'All Nations and all Parties are the same;
 With equal Force the Gazer's Eyes they strike,
 And *Whig* or *Tory* charm the Soul alike;
 A *LAURA* ev'n the furious Bigot charms,
 And the most rooted Prejudice disarms.

Forbear, rash Bard, to stain thy fairest Rhimes
 With the most Impious of these impious Times;
 Preserve unbroken thy *Poetick* Trust,
 And only publish Praise where Praise is just;
 Forbear, nor vainly thus expect Renown,
 For fee! the *Muses* and *Apollo* frown.

To other loftier Themes exalt thy Wings,
 To Wars, to Treaties and Confed'rate Kings;

Say how victorious to the echoing Skies;
 O'er the proud TURK the Christian Eagle flies;
 Say where will next the *British* Thunders roar,
 What distant Regions will our Ships explore;
 Describe the SPANIARD in his Schemes o'er-
 (thrown,
 And paint the Monarch nodding on his Throne.

Mean while Poetick Vengeance I pursue,
 And keep our *Oxford* Minions still in View;
 Unmov'd with Fear I shake the wholesome Rod,
 And tread the Paths that great *Lucilius* trod:
 Folly and Vice I lash in ev'ry Shape,
 Nor Beauty without Merit shall escape;
 As yet I have but half discharg'd my Mind,
 One Part of my Revenge is still behind;
 For now the Muse prepares in biting Verse,
 Their branded Names unsparing to rehearse;

Secure of Truth, I scorn each threat'ning Word,
The Coxcomb's Slander and the Bully's Sword;
Do — swell with Spleen and burst with furious
(Spight,
For that would more than double my Delight;
Then most I triumph, when I'm rail'd at most,
For Satire is, without Resentment; lost,

The Task, O Muse! begin, let truth be known,
Take from each Nymph the Colours not her own;
Unmask to view her Vanity and Pride,
And draw the Veil of Flattery aside.

First in our Cups, the Sovereign Queen of
(Toasts,
B——ie superiour Fame and Honour boasts,
In all the Pomp of modern Breeding nurs'd,
In Beauty and in Impudence the first ;
Thro' every Club her ample Fortune sounds,
Which, duly reckon'd, makes six thousand Pounds ;

With

With such a Sum what Woman need despair ?

Half were enough to make a Dozen fair :

In diff'rent Stocks indeed the Mony lies,

One Thousand in her *Teeth, her Lips and Eyes* :

Two Thousand more her *Family* is worth,

And honestly her *Breeding* makes a Fourth :

Her *Cloaths* and *Jewels* for another stand,

All of the best, and bought at cheapest Hand :

These are together Five ; to which affix

One more in ready Specie, which makes Six.

Thrice happy ! whom such various Charms adorn !

Well-bred, well-dress'd, well-featur'd and well-
(born.)

That not unlovely is her Face 'tis true,

And some Respect is to her Lineage due ;

But ah ! too much she puts her groundless Trust,

In a few brittle Charms and mortal Dust ;

Soon will old Age or Death that Form surprize,

And quench the Starry Lustre of her Eyes ;

Disease the Lilly and the Rose will blast,

And her Face grow unpleasing as her Waist.

Grossly the * flatt'ring Bard his Heart bely'd,

When canting he bewail'd her Want of Pride ;

Just as if one should take it in his Pate

To call the fierce *Achilles* too sedate,

To mourn too temperate the *Epicure*,

Phædra too chaste, and *Clodius* too demure.

Oft have I seen her, fortify'd of Face,

Leer, gloat and ogle on his passing GRACE ;

With softer Airs she rolls her Eyes around,

And careful, treads with nicer Art the Ground ;

When if perchance some meaner Youth she meet ;

She lifts her Head, and scornful sweeps the Street ;

She

* Alluding to a Copy of Verses to her, under the Name
of *Celia*, beginning,

*Prishee, Celia, get some Pride,
Celia has all Charms beside,*

She low'rs, she frowns, she mocks his humbler
(Fate,

And sneers his tatter'd Gown, or rustick Gait,

Contemtuos Wretch! thy fancy'd Triumphs
(cease,

Think not we'll pine for Fat and die for Grease;

Thy Bulk of Tallow and unshapely Size;

Not move our Passion, but offend our Eyes;

On thy coarse Brawn we look with equal Scorn,

As in the Kitchen thou wast bred and born;

Thro' thy rank Pores the Goat perspiring fries,

And with unwholsome Odours taints the Skies.

To *Celia* next in Fortune and in Blood,

Than *Celia* much less charming and more proud,

Belinda crowns the Glass, a constant Name,

Of Morals vitious, careless of her Fame;

Such matchless Crimes *Belinda's* Bosom taint,
Celia, compar'd to her, seems half a Saint :
Celia is vain and impudent withal,
 Will stare at Church, and ogle at the Ball :
Celia has many Faults, *Belinda* more,
Celia is lewd, *Belinda* is broad Whore ;
 Nor rash, nor spiteful is the Charge, nor new,
 'Tis a bold shocking Word, but it is true ;
 Nor do I first divulge *Belinda's* Shame,
 For ev'ry Boy in Town has heard the same ;
 'Tis what the Gossip would by Hints imply,
 And Town and Country know as well as I.
 Chast *Cynthia* blush'd, the Stars withdrew their
 (Light,
 And Heav'n and Earth abhorr'd the impious Sight,
 Whilst in his *Grace's* Arms she panting lay,
 And kiss'd and hugg'd the silent Night away ;
 With mutual Heats they kindle to desire,
 They gripe, they languish, murmur and expire.

Well,

In vain, *Belinda*, to thy Pride a Slave,
You mend by Art, what frugal Nature gave;
Paint, Paste and Wash, and Leadens-Combs in
(vain,
With various Charms thy native Features stain :
For tho' in purest Black thy Tresses flow,
And tho' thy Cheeks with blushing Beauties glow,
Yet think us not so blind, so stupid grown,
To take those borrow'd Beauties for thy own :
Think not, dear Cheat, that we so soon forget
How the deep Carrot yielded to the Jet ;

How

How the fair Lilly on thy Neck took Place,

And sudden Roses flush'd thy fallow Face,

So in the Fable, impotently vain,
The Magpye strutted with the Peacock's Train;
And so the Lyon dead, his shaggy Skin
Conceal'd the latent coward Afs within.

P—rry comes next, a proud, coquetting Jade,
A Nymph abroad, at home a Chambermaid;
Her Eye-balls with no common Light'ning blaze,
And rolling, scatter round their luscious Rays:
In Monkey Airs and Freedoms she delights,
She walks about with Noblemen and Knights;
Familiarly affects at every Word,
To praise the kind Sir *Harry* and *my Lord*,
Sometimes her wanton Minutes to consume,
She feigns a sudden Kindness for the Groom;

Sets

Sets the poor Wretch agog, seems almost won;
 Then laughs at the fond Fool, when ~~the~~ has done.
 Once with a Blacksmith (as Traditions say,
 To shew her curious Talent in that Way,
 She join'd in an Intrigue, the Plot she laid,
 And brought the smutty Lover to her Bed;
 Softly upstairs, directed by the Dame,
 To the right Door the Fornicator came;
 His sinewy Limbs the ravish'd Lout undrest,
 And stepping into Bed his Fortune blest;
 Where for a little space alone he lay,
 And blam'd impatient her long tedious Stay;
 When now his Mistress came into the Room,
 Cries Vulcan, Lord! my Dear, I'm glad you're come;
 Then nimbly springing out upon the Ground,
 He ran and clasp'd the struggling Damsel round;
 While she all trembling with dissembled Fear,
 Exclaims, what does the nasty Fellow here!
 She starts and screams, and feigns a dismal Fright,
 And running to the Stairs she calls for Light.

Up

Up come at once old *R-n-y* and his Wife,
 And his Son *Tom*, the Comfort of his Life ;
 Here *Robin*, *Jack*, conduct this Rascal down,
 And soufc him in the Horse-pond till he drown.
 In vain for Mercy sues the pitying Dame,
 And whelming Waters quench his rampant
 (Flame.

The haughty *Tr---ghs* by Nature seem de-
 (sign'd
 To satyryze the Pride of Womankind ;
 Heav'n made 'em stalking proud and poor beside,
 (Two old Companions, Poverty and Pride!)
 With airy Insolence they tread the Street,
 And flout at ev'ry earthly Thing they meet ;
 Nothing can their unvulgar Fancies please,
 And Hoop, or Head-dress oft disturbs their Ease.
 Partial on some they look with envious Eyes,
 And whom they envy not, they still despise,

They

They play the Critick with a squeamish Air,
 No Man is handsome, and no Woman fair ;
 This is too formal, and too airy that,
 The Lean are *May-poles*, *Porpoises* the Fat.
 Pride less than theirs made *Lucifer* rebel,
 And with the falling Angels peopled Hell ;
 Three Stories high they dream of *Garter'd* Heirs,
 Of Coronets, and Stars, and *Flanders* Mares ;
 Exactly they have learn'd the Female Trade,
 To boast of Conquests which they never made ;
 Such Favours one receiv'd from such a Lord,
 Who promis'd Marriage, --- but forgot his Word :
 This Fan says one, (Deuce take him for't) was broke
 By some great Duke --- to whom she never spoke ;
 Then on a sudden will they run you o'er,
 Of civil Noblemen perhaps a Score :
 They think where'er they look they surely wound,
 And vainly shoot their murd'rous Eyes around ;

Churches and Streets they strew with am'rous Slain,
And stern Philosophers resist in vain.

To each so many Rivals make Pretence,
They must ev'n marry in their own Defence ;
Of twenty Offers that are daily prest,
They're only at a Loss to chuse the best.

Thus rich in Fancy, with Ambition fir'd,
Despis'd by others, by themselves admir'd ;
Like the poor Cobler-Monarch in the Play,
Their Youth and Vigour let them dream away,
Till old in Years, but youthful in Desire,
No kind Foot-Soldier will allay their Fire.

Who knows not how a stupid Priest of late,
Assuming awkward Pomp and short-liv'd State,
Retir'd a while from *Threescore* Pounds a Year,
From frugal homely Meals and bottled Beer,

From

From irksome Pray'r and Preaching for low Hire,
 From jovial Wakes, and spunging on the 'Squire?
 The rusty tatter'd *Crape* he laid aside,
 And plum'd himself with *Dignitarian* Pride;
 He wore no Symptoms of the wonted Spleen,
 But toss'd his thoughtless Head like any Dean.
 To *Oxford* Town the Fortune-Hunter came,
 Full fifty Miles — T O M C - x - D, was his Name.
 In CHAISE his Daughter and his Wife he brought;
 Whalebones and Ribbons for the Girl are bought;
 Lodgings are taken in a publick Street,
 Handsome, well-furnish'd, and extreamly neat;
 Thro' the large Shafhes, beautiful and bright,
 The charming *SALTY* draws the gazing Sight;
 In low-priz'd Silks the gorgeous *Idiot* glares,
 And walking she betrays her rural Airs,
 To gull the youthful Crowd, the pretty *Foot*
 Trots ev'ry Morning to the *Dancing-School*:

While sweet'ning Matrons amble up and down,
 Hir'd to proclaim her Fortune thro' the Town :
 They boast how many Youths in vain address,
 How rich her Parents are, what Sums possess,
 In SOUTH-SEA-STOCKS how much, and Free-
 (hold Lands,
 And how much ready Money in their Hands ;
 How the OLD MAN is with Preferments swoln ;
 How *fearful* lest his Daughter should be *stoln*.
 Numbers are daily seen about the Door,
 That like her Person much, her Money more.
 'Amongst the rest, unconscious of the Snare,
 A *worthy Youth* admir'd the silly Fair ;
 Nor backward of Access the Nymph he found,
 His Suit she with *no common Favours* crown'd :
 The Parson-Father seem'd to like the Match,
 And the sly Mother spurr'd him to dispatch ;
 She threaten'd Rivals if he made Delay,
 And told what Crowds were vanquish'd ev'ry Day :

By such fine Tales decoy'd and such Deceit,
 (Beneath the Gown, who durst suspect a Cheat?)
 In warmer Terms he urg'd his gen'rous Love;
 Nor wish'd in vain her gentle Heart to move;
 Her hungry *Sire* at *College* entertain'd;
 With WINE and PIGEONS his Consent he gain'd:
 Give me but Wine, my Load of Wine, says he,
 My honest Cock, my Son that art to be;
 Give me but Wine, and here accept my Hand,
 Thy darling *SALT* is at thy Command;
 But to prevent all Matrimonial Strife,
Not one Word of this Contract to my Wife.

Thus on the fatal Precipice he stood,
 Ready to plunge into the boundless Flood,
 When *Fame*, that blabs malicious all she hears,
 Whisper'd, beware, fond Lover, in his Ears;

She

She told, how lost to Honesty and Shame,
 On base Designs the *sacred Miscreant* came,
 Some honest open Scholar to betray,
 And lead his unsuspecting Feet astray;
 A fordid Wretch, in holy Garb disguis'd,
 By all the sober Neighbourhood despis'd.

The startled Youth found ev'ry Accent true;
 Bilk'd SPINTEXT to his Vicaridge withdrew;
 Where I shall leave him to bemoan his Case,
 And madd'ning hang himself for want of Grace,

Nor shall the num'rous S---ms escape the Muse,
 For they did first her flowing Gall infuse;
 They first to Vengeance rous'd my sleeping Rage,
 And, urg'd by them, I Pen each galling Page;
 Shock'd at their darling Impudence I stood,
 And my warm Cheeks turn'd red with mantling
 (Blood,

While

While in my Face their stedfast Eyes did shine,
And staring, mix'd their Shameless Beams with mine,
Scarce could my Tongue opprobrious Words refrain,
And to my Vengeance I resign'd the Rein.

Where the fam'd Suburb of St. Giles extends,
And to his Name the sacred Doom ascends,
Where *E---ns* weekly cants with formal Art
Against the darling Vices of his Heart,
The pensive Sisters their *Seraglio* keep,
And sadly smiling thro' the Windows peep ;

Blest if some straggling am'rous Youth advance
His gentle Eyes, and deigns one tender Glance ;
Whither a neighb'ring College-Bard retreats,
And meltingly his melting Rhimes repeats.
If Pride invites abroad, or Pleasure calls,
To flaunt in Publick, or to dance at Balls,

No white-glov'd *Smart* with Ruffles and Silk-Gown,
 Waits on the wide-hoop'd Ladies thro' the Town;
 Alone they walk; while every Gossip stares,
 And Truant School-Boys mock their flattern Airs.
 When Ev'ning comes, and T O M begins to roar,
 The wanton Damsels romp about the Door,
 Or thro' the neighb'ring close Church-Yard they
 (stroll,
 Lean o'er the Wall, and on the Tomb-stones loll;
 The clean white Apron-glitters thro' the Dark,
 The well-known Signal to the welcome Spark.

Mean while the frugal Mother sits at home,
 And mourns to find no youthful Lovers come;
 Year after Year with fruitless Hope she waits,
 None dare to venture on the cheapest Rates;
 In vain she ope's her Doors, and bids us chuse,
 All, all her boasted Penny-worths refuse;

In vain each common Stratagem she tries,
 Extols one's Gesture, and another's Eyes;
 In vain, at Church on *Sundays* they appear,
 Trudge round the * Parks, and thro' the Windows
 (leer;
 In vain each Ev'ning at the Door they stand,
 Not one goes off; --- ev'n *Patty* sticks at Hand.

Fond thoughtless Parent! e'er it be too late,
 Thy Childrens boundless Vanities abate,
 Teach them to drive Ambition from their Breast,
 And in their own Obscurity to rest;
 Strip 'em of all their unbecoming Pride,
 The strutting Whalebone let 'em lay aside;
 Let 'em their gew-gaw Fopperies reduce,
 Unpatch their Faces, and unlace their Shoes,
 Dismiss the Toilet and the Dressing-Box,
 And humbly be content with Dowlas Smocks,

G

Be

* Publick Walk.

Be clad in Linfy-woolfy plain and tight,
 And for blue Aprons let 'em change their White.
 Send 'em to Service in some Farmer's Yard,
 For their own Living let the Jades work hard,
 Let 'em go feed the Hogs, and milk the Cows,
 Wash, scow'r, and brew, and daily sweep the
 (House;
 Or if they rather chuse the Nuptial Bed,
 Let 'em some honest homely Rustick wed;
 Numbers of lusty Plowmen may be found,
 That want in Marriage-Fetters to be bound,
 Those let 'em take, to those resign their Charms,
 And riot in their sinewy clasping Arms,
 Thus unaspiring let 'em lead their Lives,
 And dream no more of being Parsons Wives.

Amongst our Toasts each Scoundrel has a Place,
 If she be proud, and has a Mopet-Face;
 If but her Voice is languishing and soft,
 If she treads firm, or bears her Neck aloft;

Or whom, perhaps, the pedling Mother-Whore
 Dropt secretly at some Church-warden's Door.
 I pass in Silence all the Rubbish-Train,
 Nurs'd in the filthy Stews of *Bullock's-Lane*,

But if some waspish Critick should accuse
 Of canker'd Prejudice the railing Muse,
 Should he object that I'm to love a Foe,
 Some sapless Dotard, or demolish'd Beau,
 That at the Sex maliciously I strike,
 And hate all Women equally alike ;
 False were the Charge ; for Love's my constant
 (Guest, A
 And reigns a Lordly Tyrant in my Breast ;
 Love does my ev'ry other Thought controul,
 And is the Master-Passion of my Soul,
 In Love each golden Minute I employ,
 And in my LAURA centers all my promis'd Joy.

Nor do I all our *Oxford* Dames despise,
 For who, uncharm'd, can look on *Jennings' Eyes?*
 In whom a thousand various Charms I find,
 Her Form is lovely, lovelier is her Mind,
 By Nature soft, yet spotless as the Dove,
 She burns in all the Sanctity of Love;
 Thro' the dark ambient Cloud of vulgar *Toasts*
 She shines, and far superiour Glories boasts,
 As the bright Diamond on a Dunghil gleams,
 And thro' the Rubbish darts its blazing Streams,
 In her unite good Breeding and good Sense,
 A courtly Mien and rural Innocence,
 As Morning mild, than highest Noon more bright,
 And only *LAURA* shines with equal Light.

Folly and Vice my Indignation raise,
 But when I meet with Merit I can praise;

Nay, ev'n when the severest Things I write,
The Cause of beauteous Innocence I fight,
Depressing Vice, I raise up Virtue high'r,
For who loath *T-r-r-l*, *Jennings* must admire.

Excuse, my *LAURA*, this ill-natur'd Flight,
And judge with Candour what I sharply write;
Nor think, my Charmer, that I rashly dare,
With impious Verse, prophane the vertuous Fair,
Sooner, By Heaven! all Hardships could I feel,
And thro' my Bosom plunge the pointed Steel;
Sooner than such a Thought I could dispense,
I'd rip my Heart, and tear the Treason thence.

But now my promis'd Vengeance is compleat,
No more with Throws of Rage my Pulses beat,
Again my Nature is compos'd to Rest,
And softer Thoughts flow in upon my Breast,

The short-liv'd Storm within is now o'erblown,

And Peace and LAURA repossess their Throne.

AN

A while, oh! let me lose my self in Love

Thro' the cool Grots and silent Mazes rove;

Bear me, O! bear me to those happy Shades;

Where youthful Poets lodge their Love-sick Maids;

There let me haunt the fragrant *Jessamine* Bow'rs,

And load my Temples with the choicest Flow'rs;

Search ev'ry lympid Brook and Silver Spring,

And on the Myrtles hear the Linnets sing;

On Beds of blooming Roses let me lie,

While wanton *Cupids* trip before my Eye.

Then when I sleep, in all her shining Charms,

Let Fancy bring my LAURA to my Arms;

Blest in the golden Dream I'll seize my Joy,

And by Delusion all my Senses droy;

I'll kiss, I'll grasp her, gaze each Beauty o'er,

And lost in Transport, beg to wake no more.

AN

The first of these is now published

And Peace and Love a resolute their Throne

A N

APPENDIX.

Being a Collection of Verses and
Epigrams, occasion'd by the
foregoing POEM.

To Mrs. JENNINGS, upon her being concern'd
at her Character in STREPHON's Re-
venge.

WHEN STREPHON's Verse before my
(Eyes was laid,

With Wonder I the nauseous Stuff survey'd;

I read and laugh'd at all the Fop had writ,

Such Malice mingled with so little Wit:

Grubstreet and Billingsgate at once conspire

A Fury strung, and Dullness touch'd the Lyre;

At

At length I own he could my Passion raise,
Not that he durst to censure, but to praise :

Praise from th' Unworthy, Praise from *Strepson's*
(Mule)
Is the worst Satire, Wit it self could chuse,

Yet let it not be said fair JENNINGS' grieves,

(One Tear from Her would cost ten Thousand
(Lives))

'Twas not Respect the forc'd Encomium drew,

A Foe alike to Virtue and to You,

Resolv'd to blame what set the World on Fire,

He curs'd himself he could not but admire :

Pepar'd to rail, by endless Merits cross'd,

And what he most commends, he hated most.

So while the Tortur'd in the Dark abode,

Revile alike all Goodness and their God;

Midst all their Horror, Curses and Dispair,

Should the bright Object of their Hate appear;

Spight of their Pangs, they blest superior Pow'r,

And what they just blasphem'd, are forc'd t'adore.

To STREPHON.

CAN Indignation so much Rage infuse?

And dwells there then such Malice in a

(Musc?)

The sacred Nine, genteel and *debonair*,

Scorn to call *Whore* and *Billinggate* the Fair:

Say then, from whence this mighty Fury rose,

Thus to attack our *Belles* in rhiming Prose?

By LAURA's batter'd Charms disabled, hence

Thou rail'st, a Foe to Woman and to Sense,

In Dulness made a Bard and Impudence.

Unhappy Youth! who in both Ends dost fail,

How like thy Poem! --- neither HEAD nor TAIL!

Advice to CÆLIA and BELINDA.

WHILE *Strephon's* Verse, with honest Rage

reproves

Fat CÆLIA's Pride, and TYRREL's guilty Loves:

CÆLIA confronted, haughty Airs forgets,

And loaded with her num'rous *Thousands* sweats:

BE-

BELINDA'S Checks unusual Blushes wear,

And boast a Red, as natural as her Hair,

Blame not, ye Fair, the advantageous Lay,

But wish for such a Satire every Day,

So may BELINDA artful Paints despise,

And CELIA sweat her Waist to shapely Size.

CATULLUS.

ELEGY XLI.

To BELINDA

HAIL, O BELINDA, flatter'd Fair,

With brazen Front, and colour'd Hair;

With no small Prominence of Chin,

A doubtful Fame, a borrow'd Skin,

Whose Eyes no winning Graces boast

Of Beardless Boys, the fav'rite Toast;

With LAURA durst thy Pride compare?

Thee shall a beauteous Age call fair?

Shall

Shall *Oxford* Lovers grow so blind?

O! foolish Age! O! dull Mankind!

BELINDA *defended.*

BELINDA swears by G—d her Hair is Black;
And who denies it is a saucy Jack;

The leaden Comb each Morning makes it so,
Is then BELINDA perjur'd? — I say, No.

ELEGY XII.

FINIS.

Lately Publish'd,

THE Art of Beauty, a Poem; humbly ad-
dress'd to the *Oxford* Toasts; To which is
prefix'd a Dedication to *Belinda*, Price 6 d.